"WHEN WE DEAD AWAKEN" IBSEN'S LATEST DRAMA REVIEWED

BY DE. EDUARD BRANDES. Capstone of the Norwegian Poet's Work-A Play That Soars Above Conventional Morais-How a Scandinavian Soul-Problem Impresses the Scandingvian Mind Ibsen Reveals More of His Own Personality Than in Any Other

Play - Critique Has Created a Sensation. Dr. Eduard Brandes, the dramatic critic. brother of George Brandes, has written a remarkable criticism of Henrik Ibsen's latest "When We Dead Awaken," recently brought out by the Gyldendal Press at Copenhagen. Brandes is an Ibsen follower. "When We Dead Awaken" appeals to him as a monumental work, bound to be the capstone of the atructure which Ibsen's genius bes reared. Ibsen terms his drama an epilogue, the final in the series which included "The Doll's House," "The Master Builder" and "The Wild Duck." The play is now being rehearsed at the Royal Danish Theatre with the following cast: Prof. Arnold Rubek. Hr. Jerndorff; Frue Majo Rubelt, Frue Sinding; The Inspector, Hr. Paul Nielsen: Uffheun, Landed Proprietor, Hr. Yangenberg: A Travelling Lady, Frue Hensings: A Deaconess, Frue Mantzius.

The artists have all performed in Ibsen's dramas when first produced on the boards of the Boyal Danish Theatre. Dr. Eduard Brandes's criticism is as follows:

An artist -a sculptor, has used a young and beautiful woman as model for the statue that has brought him fame and wealth. Enraptured by his artistic sense he begged her to lend him her splendid, youthful figure that he might reproduce her in marble, sharpen his own perseption and bring soulful gleams to his art. Pure and good was she and upright toward man. But as they met, love struck his arrow deep into her heart. At once, when he asked her she followed him willingly. She broke off ormer bonds and burned her bridges behind her His will became her law: he alone was the object of her aim.

He received the sacrifice which bent kneeling at his foot. He used her nude splendor as the instrument of his art. Weeks and months they dwelt together, so closely associated and yet so far apart. For while he gazed admiringly on her grand beauty, and sometimes, when she posed before him in her dazzling perfection, felt conscious of the sting of love. yet did he place between them the sharp edged sword of caution. He feared, perhaps half unconsciously and somewhat superstitiously that should he efface the dividing line and take her lovingly to his heart, she would no longer be the same to him. She would fail to stand before him as the personification of his mental vision and forever cripple his artistic hand. As the builders of old, according to the legend, would bury alive in the walls of the eastle a beautiful woman as a sacrifice to an unknown demon of destruction, in a similar manner he made her youth stand sacrifice to his art. He made use of her. He did not want to see, or could not, that before the searching gaze which day by day revelled in the artistic ines of form and beauty, the living marble was bleeding to death. Unmercilessly he held himself in leash; he asked but to be allowed to reproduce the work of a nobler sphere into a work by man. He cared little that she pined for love and that, hurt to the quick, neglect worked injury to her soul. In this manner he advanced to victory over her living corpse. Did he do right, and had he a right to act as

he did? Was it justice to himself to destroy her love and cast aside the beautiful, young happiness which stood there with open arms before him? Was his action such as to cause no regret-to battle with living art gems as mmunition in order to gain fame and wealth. instead of taking to himself what was willing to be his without a struggle? In short, does there exist any other happiness than love's contentment, where burning ardor embraces, and is embraced, in turn, in fearless joy? That is the question which the great master,

so old and yet so young, answers with superior calmuess in this his newest work. There exists no other happiness than love, and those who sin against love loose their lives. Forever and for all there is this penalty in store when the happiness of love is thrust aside to give way for other purposes. It may appear as give way for other purposes. It may appear as if both the one and the other factor lives. But they are dead. And when they awaken from their sleep of death, terror-stricken, they will look about them, trembling under the weight of the wasted years. And now they must die; this time a real death, with despair crying aloud from mountain peak and valley.

I ball you, my master! there where you are sitting so giant-strong, unbending like a ruler of the mind. You send your message toward the four corners of the earth. You proclaim that only where blood courses strongly through the veins, there does life exist. Everything is death where love does not reign supreme. Once more, I bail you my master!

Prof. Arnold Rubek is the name of the artist in the play. He is a son of the North, but he has spent much of his time in the southern countries. He has won fame abroad, and here he has struck root. His residence in the capital is almost a palace, and his summer home at Lake Taunitz unequalled in its appointments. An i while the map may not give any lake of such a name, yet the tendency seems to point toward Germany as the country where Prof. Rubek has found his home. In fact, Munich might easily have supplied libsen with his paraphernalia, as far as environment is considered. The magnificent lakes adjacent to Munich would give additional color to the supposition.

ion.

course, Prof Arnold Rubek is not Henrik n, but for the first time during his prolific the play concerns an artist, a sculptor, mer and poet; each and every one of these mations are applied to Rubek. The permations are applied to Rubek. dreamer and poet; each and every one of these designations are applied to Rubek. The personality which all young authors hasten to depict, the poet whom they imagine to represent, is here described magnificently, although the Ibsen irony is all-pervading. And where the return of Prof. Rubek to Norway, after a lapse of many years, is described so vividly, his renown having spread over the entire world, it becomes difficult to think otherwise than that Henrik Ibsen here portrays himself. Like Rubek, Ibsen went abroad to gain recognition, which still did not bring him happiness beyond what the world considers happiness, Ibsen, the what the world considers happiness. Ibsen, the preacher of a certain moral gostel, looks as-kance at the chessmen on the board of life. Not always does he practise what he preaches from the pulpit he has erected. But that he sin-cerely believes his ideals the correct standard the pulpit he has erected. But that he sincerely believes his ideals the correct standard, no one at all familiar with his work can doubt. Guarded by discretion, cautious, suspiciously on the alert, Henrik Ibsen's personality rops out here and there in the superb drama which he has added to his array. "When We Dead Awaken" shows humanity at its best and worst aspects. As compared with his other spiendid creation, "The Masterbuilder," which likewise evinced signs of the individuality of the dramatist, his latest effort stands far and above the other play. The epilogue of the series, for so libsen terms his last drama, in common with "The Masterbuilder," gives precipitations of ideals from mountain tops to the vale below.

vale below.

Prof. Rubek returns to Norway, considerably aged by his almost lifty years. But with him he has a young wife whom he chose some four or five years before because she was good looking, lively as to temperment, and generally attractive. Besides, he left the need of recreation in his loneliness. But she was far from attractive. Besides, he felt the need of recreation in his loneliness. But she was far from his equat in culture, she cared nothing for his art, and her love for him was far from what it might have been. During the period of their art and her love for him was far from what it might have been. During the veried of their married existence their association had been close enough, still she fatled to realize his worth. Asfar as Rubek was concerned, the very same thing held good of him. And while society connead wide its doors to the wife of the famous scuiptor, from her noint of view his fame has nothing to do with their social success. On his part, he descends to her own level and gossips with her about her trifles, never touching on his own ambitious desires. And when the play begins these married people are equally tired of each other's company.

They are sitting in front of the hotel at a Norwegian bathing resort. He, an "elderly, distinguished looking gentleman, dressed in black," and she, "very youthful, with a lively countenance and pretty, roguish eyes." She is tred from the journey, of works of art, of her husband. She wanted to return home, and laready she is sorry she did so. In this she coincides with the feelings of her husband. In the brilliant dialogue which losen here presents, as few others could have depicted it, the very lives of the characters are opened to view; each separate word conveys the relationship between man and wife. Just a mere "my child," his halt ironical allusion to the "exclusive society in which he" had intro-Now the conversation continues between the control of the seed and freely and the special of notice of the control of the point at a contest of skill and judgment. And the special notice of the control of the point at a contest of skill and judgment. And the special notice of the control of the point as to whether the seek and the special notice of the control of the point as to whether the control of the point as to make the wind the wind in the series of the point as to whether the control of the point as to the point as to whether the control of the point as to whether the control of the point as to make the wind in the wind whether the point as the control of the point as the control of the point as the control of the point as the agent of the point as the control of the point as the point as

Resurrection." And he admits this. He does no longer care to create great things, now he colly produces portrait busts, he says. And when little Frue Maja saks him whether he really thinks it worthy of himself to do nothing more than this, he answers that it is not mere portrait busts that he evolves from the marble—back of the created there lies something which people do not see. The exteriors are striking likenesses, but in their innermost conception the busts represent "honorable horses' heads, exotistical asses' snouts, dogs' skulls and pigs' laces." And he chuckles to himself as he sees the good-natured moneyed people pay him gold and sliver for these invidious art works. But if the journey homeward, as she had wished, was undertaken for the sake of his nervous state, it had failed of its mission. He feels ill at ease in the home environments: an atmosphere so grating on his nerves that he perceived the effect already during the previous night when the train cressed the frontier. While there was scarcely any traffic, yet the train storped at every little station. No one stepped out and no one entered the cars, still the train waited an eternity, and on the platform uniformed employees walked up and down and talked "in tones suppressed, without color, the words ringing meanlessly out on the night air."

Rubek and his wife show thomselves as two Individuals to whom for the moment averything seems rent asunder. They might have stood quite close to each other, and new the distance is gradually widening. He feels desperate. Fame is nothing to him, nor riches; and he is forced to make stuff for the general public because the flame flaspiration has sonot. She is disappointed in her womanly endowments, because she is married without her of a straction has head promised to the head promised to each other, and new the distance is gradually widening. He feels desperate. Fame is nothing to him, nor riches; and he is forced to make stuff for the general public because the flame flaspiration has sponded. The part of the

iliarly in "The Masterbuilder," death ends it all through the mountain avalanche. She tells him what has bappened to her since last they were together she became a variety performer; she favored such as bought her dearly, those whom she rewarded with insanity or death. For the second time she is wedded and she has a name with a foreign. Slavic sound. She is mystifying and mystified, but she recollects everything from the days of their association, and the insult he offered her by not responding to her cravings. She inquires about "The Day of Resurrection." the statue, which she calls "their child," and she cries out in despair that she, a young and blood-rich woman, has been imprisoned in a death chamber with walls upholstered and bars before the only window of the place. Nowhere in the play, except in an incidental fashion, does it say outright that Irene is insane. But the feroeity in her speech, the dread from which she suffers, the straight-jacket which she shunsas death itself, and, most of all, the silent deaconess who guards over her and follows her step by step, and whom Irene in turns follows like one bereft of will—all this produces an effect still more realistic than if the insane mind was described direct. It is seldom that in poetry insane talk becomes effective, because man's erratic speech is uninteresting. But here we have a young and still beautiful woman who stands as an illustration of life's broken rose stems; she awakens pity and arouses attention. And then, the words themselves are so beautiful.

Then the remarkable, that this woman's accusation and complaint contains no moral; no moral whatever, for which reason the entire ceilingue preaches forth this doctrine. Exactly this it is which removes "When We Dead Awaken" from the commonplace. Had Irene come like some goddess of revenge and accused Rubek with having worked her ruin and then left her after killing her soul and body, then the moral would intrude itself at once. But no! and once more no! just the contrary has here occurred. This i all through the mountain avalanche. She tell him what has happened to her since last the

But no! and once more no: just the contrary has here occurred. This is why she feels full of sorrow: that she stood before him in the fulness of her splendid nudity-for him to gaze upon, for the furtherance of himself and his art—and that he did not receive the offering Irene-But the dearest of all the gifts you have Frene-But the dearest of all the frenches. From the What gift was that?

From I gave you my young, living soul. As I then stood there I felt a vacancy within—without a soul. (Stares at him sternly). That was what I died of, Arnold.

soul. (Stares at him sternly). That was what I died of Arnold.

With this the first act comes to a close, but in between comes the resurrection of Maja, and the resurrection of the flesh. She has met the mighty hunter, Ulfheim, whose name alone sounds sufficently brutal, and who represents the tough and healthy element in life. Ulfheim would rather hunt the brown bear, he says, but he also includes among his game, both wolf and eagle, woman and reindeer. This individual who has for comrades his dogs, fed on fresh killed meat, arouses little Frue Maja to a sense of life and joyfulness. She declares to Rubek that she is going to the mountains with Ulfheim on a bear hunt, just as Rubek has promised Irene that he will take her to the towering regions above the sky. The pairs are divided and other pairs are formed. Marriage vows are forgotten. That other element in life has spoken for all concerned.

The masterful characterization of this the first act is beyond praise. Everything is grand, intense and prodigious. Each of the four characters stands luminous, clear cut as a cameo of flesh and blood.

When the second act begins all the characters are high up in the mountain, near a sanitarium. Between Rubek and Maja the gulf is continually widening. This long ago she is tired of his indifference, cares little for his art. She asks only for the new and novel, that which will clasp her in brutal embrace. And it is then he tells her how fearfully tired he himself has become of existence in her company. Nevertheless, he is not entirely clear as to what he wants. He describes to her how, when he married her, he had become satiated with his art calling and his art mission because, after all, he had reflected, life in sunshine and beauty was worth more than working one's self to death with clay lumps and marble blocks. He understands now, he adds, that he was mistaken theo, and he tries to justify himself because he can no longer find satisfaction with her alone. When the second act begins all the charac-

with her alone.

I'm living so hurriedly, Maja. That is our fashion, we artists. For my own part. I've lived through a generation since the few years we have known each other. I have come to the conclusion that it is not for me to find happiness in simless enjoyment. Life, to me and mine, is not a cut and dry affair. I must continue to work, create continually—until my last day.

must continue to work, create continually—until my last day.

She has not a single objection to make, Willingly she steps aside for the "pale lady;" the more so when Rubek adds:

You see, in here—here I have a tiny burglar-proof shrine. And in this shrine I preserve all my visions, But when she went away so suddenly without a trace, the shrine closed of itself. She had the key, and she took it with her. You, little Maja, you never had a key, do you see? That is why everything remains unused within. And the years have rolled on.

you are modelling your own likeness." When she discovers that he has recreated their combined work into something ugly and commonplace she raises the dagger against him. But as he speaks of his guilt-burdened conscience she once more lets the weapon drop.

Not yet, however, does he understand her. It is true she upbraids him for spoiling theiwork which had cost her the love she fostered for him, but the reason she hates and despises him now is because he passed her by entirely. That is why she calls him "poet," because he only dreamed and imagined things, and forgot to live. And that is why she slowly makes clear to him how insignificant his existence has been:

"I should have been a mother! Brought children into the world. That should have been my mission, should never have served you—a poet."

into the world. That should have been my massion, should never have served you—a poet."

She refuses to assist him in creating new things, even if she could. In the passion of her hurt, having lost what she calls "life's delight," she will devote herself to the task of making him follow her up the mountain, the very mountain from the top of which he once upon a time had promised to show her the splendors of the world. The conversation between them is interrupted but for a moment by Maja, who, from the opposite side of the creek, cries out to both that on the evening which is near she will go on an adventure, with the "bear killer," as companion. Life, she cries, she now intends to place above everything else she has experienced, and jubilantly she sings:

I am free! I am free! I am free!

The prison no longer I see!

I am free as a bird, I am free!

Almost mockingly the song reaches the two

Almost mockingly the song reaches the two palld-faced persons—the tired, nerve-unstrung man and the mentally unbalanced woman. The other two, the pleasure-loving couple who are to hunt the brown bear, are about to wander out in the delicious summer night; a taunting blow to the desires and aspirations of Rubek and Irene. Ulfheim and Maja are as the slaves of old who may get intoxicated while their masters dare not touch the wine that is red. And it is now that Rubek follows on the command of Irene.

Prof. Rubek repeats dreamingly:—Summer night in the mountain! An Irene, that would have been life. And this we have forfeited—we two.

Irene—We only see the irreparable when—[stops short]

Prof. Rubek looks at her inquiringly -When? Irene-When we dead awaken! Prof. Rubek (shakes his head ominously)-And what is there is then to be seen? Irene-We see then that we have never lived.

This brings the act to a close. Again the deaconess stands behind Irene like some threatening shadow. In the distance is heard the wild song which Maja gives vent in her jubilant frame of mind.

The third act is very bief. The action takes place high up in the mountain, before sunrise. Ragged mountain tops are shown, with abysses deep down below. An old, dilapidated hut stands surrounded by broken boulders.

It is toward this hut that Ulfheim attempts to drag the still desisting Maja. But he has the power over her through his ardor, and she, in turn, controls him by her subtle fascination, and they agree at last. When then the storm threatens with death in its wake they hasten toward the valley, at the very moment when they meet the other couple, who, proudly indifferent to everything, walk toward the summit.

indifferent to everything, walk toward the aummit.

Irene and Rubek do not flee the storm which threatens. They have no desire to hide themselves in the hut, as is suggested by Ulfheim, and wait until he can summon assistance—strong men with ropes who may save them. Irene is convulsed with terror: Men who will bind her! She begs of Rubek that he protect her, and do not desert her. Now she confesses that she would have killed him when they talked together the previous day; she did not stab him in the back simply because she had discovered that he was dead already. Her talk is the talk of an insane woman—insane bevond doubt, but to Rubek every word is lucidity itself. Two clammy bodies, she names both, because in him is dead the burning desire of youth and strength which formerly he battled against, and because for both earthy love is absolutely extinguished.

It is then that the scales drop from his eyest

It is then that the scales drop from his eyes:
It was I who did it all! I blind as I must have
been! I, who placed the dead image of clay above
the fulness of life—above the happiness of love. And now he loves her with a passion of highest intensity, and with almost violent fervor he takes her into his arms: Then let us two, who are dead for one brief moment, exist in earnest—before we descend into

Carried away by the highest ecstasy, they

Carried away by the highest ecstasy, they ascend the mountain further still, to the suncovered apex, where they will celebrate their marriage feast. The sun may look down upon them if he cares, all the powers of light and of darkness, even, may watch them in their joyous celebration.

Up and up and still further up they move. They pass above the clouds, they reach the utmost summit which sparkles in the morning sun. Once more the wild "hear song" of Maja floats up from the depth below, the deaceness appears searching for her charge—then comes the avalanche and between the enormous masses of snow the two, who have at last found each other, are whirled into the gaping abyss.

The Deaceness—istands silentfor a moment. Then

The play closes in this way.

The Deaconess—(stands silent for a moment. Then she crosses herself and save).

Pax vobiscum.

(From a depth still deeper down the jubilant song of Maja comes floating up).

Unquestionably, there will be many objections made against this magnificent drama because the high-sounding prose at times may seem vulnerable to the attack of logical analysis. And

made against this magnificent drama because the high-sounding prose at times may seem vulnerable to the attack of logical analysis. And it is quite certain that the objections will gather themselves into the pertinent question: Why did Henrik Ibsen show Irene as insane and why does he let Rubek, who is not insane, prefer the abnormal woman to the beautiful and sensible Maja?

To this may be answered: If Ibsen with such violence desired to emphasize that life in its entirety, even the most artistic, is to be counted as death, and that but the life of love is real love, to both Irene and Maja, then he was forced to employ the most drastic pictures of the kind of death that life without love assuredly is. Insanity, without a doubt, is both mental and physical death: though the insane may exist, yet humanity does not consider such existence life.

Had not Irene stood there, so heartbroken, so ill in mind and evil, so desirous and yet so afraid, with the black shadow of cell and restraint in her wake, the lesson of the play would not be too plain: Without love—no life. It is Irene, of course, who is the star character in the play. It is far from being the undecisive Rubek who not until the hour of his death understood the love which Irene offered him, which in Maja's case was confined to the customs of conventional marriage.

That Henrik Ibsen stands untouched by his weight of years, this drama will ere long announce to the entire world. It is quite true that the structure of the play cannot be analyzed on the spur of the moment. The construction embodies a stage setting which will enhance the worth of the drama. Almost with the identical progress which Irene and Rubek make toward the mountaintop the acts unfold themselves lucidly and entirely comprehensible. The more the psychological problem is studied the better will it be understood why Ibsen is called great.

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"When We Dead Awaken" is a master's work and a masterpiece. Like none others is Ibsen, so grand, so mystical, and yet so entirely in agreement with the organic make-up of humanity. From the peak of the mountain haspeaks to us, aged as to years, youthful in deed and daring. There is but one ruler, says Henrik Ibsed; the great Eros, and the poet is his prophet!

DR. EDUARD BRANDES.

AUSTRIANS INVESTIGATE POKER. After Serious Consideration They Decide That It Is a Game of Chance.

From the Chicago Tribune. VIENNA, Jan. 11.-America's national card game is the source of a great deal of tribulation in Viennese club circles just now. The allurements of poker some time ago enmeshed the Austrian metropolis in its indulgence. Then followed a series of unique proceedings on the part of the constabulary, culminating yesterday in the issuance of a summons by the Vienna Chief of Police o the presidents of the various social clubs.

Some of the issues involved are keenly interesting to American devotees of the game. At the conference yesterday the Vienna Chief of Police questioned the club presidents about the playing of poker in the clubhouses. He informed them that there must be no more poker games if they wished to avoid trouble. The playing of all games of chance is positively prohibitied here, and recently much talk was created by the arrest and public trial of persons found playing

Finally, an entire party in a private house Finally, an entire party in a private house were caught and fined for playing poker. A controversy then arose on the point as to whether poker is a game of chance, one side insisting that it is a contest of skill and judgment. An official investigation was ordered, and, in all sertousness, a committee met and weighed the evidence, after which it solemnly pronounced that poker is purely a game of chance.

The game was, therefore, prohibited and in the cafes the law has been heretofore strictly enforced. But the clubs had been unmolested until yesterday's summons of the presidents. It is evident that the police are in earnest, and several of the swell clubs are agitated over the matter.

ONE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN. CASE OF STEVENS, WHO MARRIED

AN INDIAN GIRL. His Efforts to Provide for His Family and Bring Up His Children in a Civilized Way-Tale of Indian Justice That Casts Light on Self-Government by Filipinos. KIPP, Mont., Jan. 10.-His name was Stevens.

He was a big, burly, good-natured, hard working fellow, and hadn't an enemy in the world. Perhaps his education was limited, he may have used a knife in preference to a fork at the table, and drunk tea out of a saucer, but in those days such little things didn't count in the Western estimation of a man. When he came out on the plains in the long ago, and looked about for something to do, he thought it would be a good thing to raise horses. So he built a comfortable log cabin on the banks of the Yellowstone, a stable and corrals, and then invested all his little capital in a band of mares which an enterprising trader had driven over from Oregon. A month afterward, he rode out on the beach one morning to to run the herd in to water, and where they had been the night before, he found a painted, befeathered coup stick standing in the bunch grass with a pair of embroidered moccassins lying near it; the horses had been stolen. Not one of them remained except the animal he rode, and had kept in the stable over night.

Little did Stevens imagine, as he returned to the cabin and prepared to follow the thieves, that the whole course of his life was to be changed by this occurrence, that he was never to see the rude cabin again, never to unlock the door so carefully fastened ere he strapped the roll of blankets behind his saddle and rode away. Had the horses not been stolen, he might have lived in the Yellowstone to this day, becoming the owner of large herds and broad lands. In those days it was nothing unusual for In-

dians to steal horses from the settlers along the Yellowstone, and, while the owners were greatly inconvenienced by such an occurrence, they did not worry much about it. When it occurred they simply went over to the reservations bordering the Missouri River and got their horses. Stevens. however, was destined to have no such luck. He went to the Yanktonais Agency and for days rode about through the camp and the adjacent hills, but found no animal of his brand. Then he travelled on up the river to the reservation of the Assinaboins and Gros Ventres. Then he spent another week in a fruitless search. By this time his provisions were all gone. Having both a rifle and a six shooter, he traded the former for a little flour, bacon, and tea. Then he struck out over the two hundred miles of parched and dusty plain for the land of the Blackfeet, quite certain that they must have his stock since they had not been taken by the tribes he had visited.

Under the weight of its load of blankets and provisions besides its rider. Stevens's horse had become very thin and footsore, and he was obliged to travel slowly, walking and leading the animal more miles than he rode. One evening he cooked supper by a little stream which flowed from the Bear Saw Mountains out on the plain. Then, before it became quite dark, the horse was picketed in the centre of a damp swale where the grass grew high and thick, and carrying his blankets into the willow grove that fringed the creek, he made his bed and quickly fell asleep. When he arose in the morning, he found that he was afoot At first he thought that the horse had pulled loose and strayed away; the picket pin, however, was still where he had driven it, and a couple of feet of the lariat still tied to it told the story; it had been severed with a sharp knife. Great as this misfortune was, it did not daunt him. "After all," he soliloquized, "I believe I'm rather lucky, If I hadn't made my bed in the willow patch, the Indians would have cut my throat."

They had not taken the saddle, but it was use ess to him now. He gathered up the provisions. rolled them in a single blanket which he threw over his shoulder, and bravely started on over the brown plain. How he succeeded in traversing

whe enters into an all lance of this kind, who matrice outside of his own race, makes a (sertific matrice) and tell them to go their way."

But Stevens had already seen the girl, and even if she was an Indian, she was fair to look upon. Her features were comely; her figure good, and her large dark eyes seemed to have a tender, wistful, melancholy expression which went to his heart. When she shyly looked at him, the his heart. When she shyly looked at him, the his heart. When she shyly looked at him, the his heart. When she shyly looked at him, the his heart. When she shyly looked at him, the his heart was a more comely; her figure good, and her large dark eyes seemed to have a tender, wistful, melancholy expression which went to his heart. When she shyly looked at him, the his heart was a few which I fear ship on me, rescue me from the fate which I fear ship on me, rescue me from the fate which I fear ship on me, rescue me from the fate which I fear ship on me, rescue me from the fate which I fear ship on me, rescue me from the fate which I fear ship on the fate of the pear of the fate of the

"He wants some money," she would say.
"We cannot afford it," he would reply. "It is
not just to these little ones to give away so much.
We must work and saye for their sakes, to give

of the neighborhood.

"One afternoon I saw him strutting around and making a magnificent display of his gorgeous tail feathers. Mrs. Turkey looked on admiringly for a while and trotted over to where gobbler was quietly napping under a peach tree. They were engaged for a moment in earnest conversation. "Then Mr. Gobbler straightened himself up, stiffened up his wings, gave a strut and spread his tail feathers. Madam gave a contemptuous toss of her head and evidently laughed at him. "I could see the fire in the gobbler's eye, and told Mr. Boubel, my engineer, who was with me at the Through see the fire in the gobbier's eye, and was fire time, to look out and we would see some fun, and we did. That gobbier marched straight over to where the peacock was still pirouetting and admiring the glint of his irridescent rlumage, pounced on him and never let up until he had picked out the last feather of that gorgeous tail."

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If You Are Pressed for Time

talk to one another.
"A case in point: You see that turkey gobbler

and hen out there? Let me tell you an actual

fact about them. L. M. Johnson presented me

with a very handsome peacock. He was a splendid

bird, and the beauty of his plumage was the wonder

of the neighborhood.

FATHER OF SIXTY-SIX.

Married Five Times on His Journey to ndom and Seven Times Afterward.

branded "I. D." (Indian Department). Like everyone else Stevens submitted to this rule, although he saw that by so doing he jeopardized his title to the stock he had bought and raised. "But after all," he reasoned, "what is the difference? I am only working for my children. Should I die, perhaps this brand would protect them if the cattle were to stray away to the public range."

Then there were the trader's stores, where he was obliged to obtain more or less of his supplies at double and often three times the market price. For years and years trader's licenses have been issued by the different administrations as rewards for party services, but no more than two for any one reservation. Consequently, the Indians have been compelled to pay the highest prices; even when there are two traders there is never any competition in prices. From the Chicago Inter-Ocean. CHEVENNE, Wyo., Jan. 10 .- In the valley of the Snake River, near where that stream forms the boundary line between Wyoming and Idaho lives the father of the largest family on the American continent, and probably in the world. The owner of this unique distinction is Heber Z. Ricks, one of the faithful followers in religion and practices of the late Brigham Young. Reliable perwhen there are two traders there is never any competition in prices.

With all these drawbacks it was hard work for Stevens to get ahead, but somehow he did so. Year by year a larger number of cattle and horses bore his and the Government's brand, and he saw the means at hand by which his children could be educated. He became less and less inclined to accede to his wife's demands, and finally put his foot firmly down, declaring that not another dollar, not another head of stock, should beas squandered on her relatives. Indeed, there we no necessity for it; the rations and clothing issued to them by the Government were sufficient for their welfare. sons who have known Ricks for many years say he has twelve wives and sixty-six children. Many of his sons and daughters have long since taken unto themselves helpmates for life, and to these have been born 218 children, thereby bringing the number of souls in the Ricks family, exclusive of the venerable father himself, up to 296.

The members of the Ricks family are scattered over a stretch of country fourteen miles long by no necessity for it; the rations and clothing issued to them by the Government were sufficient for their welfare.

Whitegrass, in earlier years, had always been an object of contempt. He had never joined the men on the warpath, or in raids on the horse herds of neighboring tribes. He had never owned more than two sore-backed ponies at a time in his whole life; he had never even had the courage to run buffalo, but had subsisted by begging from the brave and prosperous. He was a short, broad, immense-chested fellow, with a face for all the world like a great owl, and the widest mouth—it extended nearly from ear to ear. He was a great schemer; by smooth talk and the use of his wits, he had always managed to subsist by the industry of others. After the buffalo had all been killed, and the neople settled upon their reservation, he saw that the old order of things was forever ended, and he determined to take advantage of the new. After carefully watching the course of events for a time, he mapped out a plan which proved to be most successful, hemade friends with the agent. The prominent of men the tribe, chiefs, medicine men and warriors, fresh from the wild, untrammelled life of the plains, thought it beneath their dignity to have much intercourse with a white man, even if he was their agent. Nothing that he did pleased them, and they denounced all his plans for their welfare in unmeasured terms. On the other hand, Whitegrass lost no opportunity of telling the agent that he considered he was a very wise man, and every day he brought reports of what this chief and that one had said about him.

"I alone," he would say, "am your true friend, and will always obey you, always help you when I can."

He got bis reward; the Commissioner in Washtwo miles wide. Heber Ricks has an even dozen ranches, which, with those of the sons and daughters, make quite a good-sized settlement. In the centre of this settlement a town called Ricksville has been established. Here are located a general store and a church, the latter being the largest store and a church, the latter being the largest as well as the most substantial building in the Ricks empire. During week days the church is transformed into a schoolroom, and a regularly employed teacher (usually one of the Ricks daughters) labors with the descendants of Heber Z. On Sundays, and not unfrequently of an evening, services, which are, of course, strictly Mormon, are held. These religious meetings are usually presided over by the elder Ricks, and are very interesting, being conducted in that manner peculiar to the Mormon faith. In case of the absence of the "Bishep," as the head of the family is known in the settlement, as is frequently the case when he makes a visit to one of his wives living in the extreme upper or lower ends of the colony, one of the sons will fill the pulpit and preach the doctrine of his father.

he makes a visit to one of his wives living in the extreme upper or 'ower ends of the colony, one of the sons will fill the pulpit and preach the doctrine of his father

Heber Z. Ricks is a giant in form and strength, although he is 77 years old. Little or nothing is known of his boyhood, except that he was reared on a farm in western New York. He has never been known to say much about his early life other than that he landed in St. Louis in 1842. From that city he went to a small settlement in the vicinity of where Independence, Mo., now stands, where he joined the Mormon Church. A little band of Mormons, with Ricks at their head, left the place early in the spring of 1848 and turned their faces toward Utah. Brigham Young's party of 225 persons had gone on the previous year and had left a faint trail, which Ricks and his party followed with great difficulty. This trail led them across the State of Nebraska along the Platte River, up the Big Laramie River, and across the State of Wyoming by way of Fort Laramie, and on into the valley of the great Salt Lake via Echo Canon.

When Ricks left Missouri, it is said, he was a single man, but when he and his party reached Salt Lake valley he was the possessor of five better halves. Settling near Salt Lake, Ricks continued to take unto himself additional wives until he had ten. Early in the year 1869, with the number of his wives increased to twelve, Ricks pulled up stakes and moved across the mountains through Eastern Idaho to the valley of Snake River. There upon one of the most fertile spots to be found on the continent he established himself. The first few years were ones of great activity for Ricks and his already large family. For a time all lived in one large house, which was hastily erected, but later twelve houses, composed of roughly hewn logs, were constructed at different points along the river. To these were added, in due time, barns, corrals, and other outbuildings, and in a few years Ricksville was something more than a name.

While the population in the

"I alone." he would say, "am your true friend, and will always obey you, always help you when I can."

He got his reward; the Commissioner in Washington decided that a reservation court should be established to decide cases not calling for criminal procedure, and the agent appointed him one of the three judges. Ah! Were not old scores paid off then! Wee to the unfortunate who in times past had slighted him or turned a deaf ear to his begging! What were the great chiefs now compared to him! He held their welfare in his hand.

No matter what his income might be. Whitegrass was always in debt. The glittering wates in the traders' stores had a fascination for him that he could not resist. All his money, everything he could obtain which was convertible into money, even the stock issued to him and his family, went for the purchose of gaudy blankets, tinselled saddles, anything, in fact, with which to make a display. No small part of his funds had been wrung through his daughter from the unwilling Stevens, and when the son-in-law finally rebelled Whitegrass was for a time at a loss what to do about it. But his cunning mind was not idle; day and night he planned and schemed, and at last he saw his way. It was such a simple, easy way, that he wondered he had not thought of it at once. One of his associates on the bench, Judge Wolftail, a man rich in cattle and horses, and big round pieces of silver, had recently lost his wife. The next time Whitegrass met him they had a long conversation in a corner of the court-room. No one knows what they talked about, but it could easily be surmised after what happened a day or two later.

Stevens was alone on the ranch, his wife having but it could easily be surmised after what hap-pened a day or two later. Stevens was alone on the ranch, his wife having again left with the children, after sulking awnile and abusing him. One morning he was harrow-ing some grain when half a dozen policemen of the Indian force rode up, informed him that he was under arrest, and ordered him to saddle a horse and accompany them at once. "Under arrest!" he exclaimed. "You must be mistaken. What have I done that I should be arrested."

STATES LOST TO BRYAN. Wyoming Not the Only One, in Spite of

Senator Teller's Prediction.

To Senator Teller of Colorado is ascribed the prediction that the only one of the Western all day."

They took him to the agency jail, pushed him into a cell and locked the grated door, leaving him to musa in solitude upon the uncertainties of this life. Of course, he was greatly worried and outor Northwestern States that went for Bryan in 1896 in which there will be a change this year is Wyoming. Wyoming was carried by Bryan in the election of 1896 by 800 votes in a total of more than 20,000, but since then it has swung into, and seems likely to remain in, the Repub-After four or five hours his captors returned and the brown plain. How he succeeded in traversing the remaining distance is a mystery. By day the sun scorched him unmercifully and seemed to dry up his very blood. At night he shivered under the thin blanket. At times he suffered for lack of water; again there was no fuel, not even a few buffalo chips with which to toast a sile of bacon and scorch a ball of dough. Finally the provisions gave out, and although game of all kinds was abundant, he could not approach within pistol range of it. Starving and ranged, so weak that he recied in his walk he arrived at the agency of the Blackfeet one day, and people marvelled when they heard his story, that he had not died on the road.

Alas, for his hopes! Stevens soon found that the Blackfeet were also guildess of the theft of his horses, and here ended his quest. There lican column, having been carried by the Repub-

aged in feeling. A thousand times he said to diniself. "I have done nothing wrong; I will urely be cleared of whatever charge is brought

Alas, for his shopes? Stavens soon found that the Blackfeet were also guiltiess of the theft of his horses and here ended his quest. There were no more reservations to be visited unless he ward in Dekota, and that or away to the east ward in Dekota, and that or away to the east ward in Dekota, and that or away to the east ward in Dekota, and that or away to the east ward in Dekota, and that or away to the east ward in Dekota, and that or away to the east ward in Dekota, and that or away to the east ward in Dekota, and that or away to the east ward in Dekota, and that or away to the east ward in Dekota, and that or away to the east ward in Dekota, and that or away to the east ward in Dekota, and that or away to the east ward in Dekota, and the east ward in the case of the control of ever seeing his stock again, he looked around for some work to do and was employed by a ranchman living just his employer faithfully and rectain the property of the east ward in the Democratic col, the ward of the east ward in Dekota, and the east surfers and the children of the east ward in the Colorado by 135,000 plusters ward in the case and the children of the east ward to be east ward in the case and the children of the east ward in the case and the children of the east ward in the case and the children of the east ward in the case and the children of the east ward in the case and the east left and the children of the east ward in the least strees the and the children of the east ward in the case and the children of the east ward in the case and the children of the east ward in the case and the children of the east ward in the case and the children of the east ward in the case and the children of the east ward in the case and the children of the east ward in the case and the children of the east ward in the case and the children of the east ward in the case and the the east ward in the 183, Uah by 33,000, Washington by 12,000 and Wyoming by 600. The abnormally large majorities of the Democratic nominees in Colorado and Utah are, in part, explained by the fact that there is equal suffrage, male and female, in those two States and that the record of majority is, therefore, nearly double what under a like division of votes would have been the case in a State in which the suffrage is limited to male citizens. South Dakota in the Bryan column was carried by the fusion nominee for Governor in 1898, but the other State officers elected were Republicans, and a majority of th Legislature elected is Republican. There was no State canvass last year but judicial nominees were voted for in November, 1899, with the result that the Republican candidates polled 24,000 votes and the Democratic candidates 18,000, a substantial Republican lead which gives very little promise of Democratic success in next year's election. Nevada, which is incontestably a strong silver State, has an electorate of only 10,000, and in the contest of 1898, the last State election succeeding the Presidential contest of 1896, the plurality for the silver candidate for Governor was 22 votes. He defeated the Republican caucus in William M. Stewart, one of the most ardent and loquacious of the Western Silverites, has detached himself from the Democratic Party and has now a place in the Republican caucus in Washington. On the ordinary issues which divide the two parties, Nevada is again, as heretofore, Republican, and its electoral votes are likely to be found in the Republican rather than the Democratic column in 1900, unless the question of silver should again become the dominating and determining issue of the canvass. Washington has swung back into the Republican of the Republican of silver should again become the dominating and determining issue of the canvass. Washington has severe for fusion in 1900—one-half of the number carried by Bryan in 1896. California, Oregon and North Dakota were Republican at the last Presidential election.

SIR CECIL MOON, COWBOY,

Recent Changes in the Affairs of a Young Englishman in America.

From the Chicago Journal. Sir Cecil Moon, Bart, and Lady Moon were at the Auditorium Annex yesterday. They came from Denver, Col., and are on their way to England where the baronet will take charge of a milliondollar estate.

No longer than two weeks ago the distinguished Briton was plain Cecil Moon, with no greater title than that of "cowboy." Several years ago he came from England and went to Colorado, where he hered out as a "rantler" or "cattle puncher." He seved his money, married an English girl who

BULLS FIGHT A JAGUAR.

TEXAS HALF-GRADE AND POLLED ANGUS EASILY WHIPPED.

The Jaguar Retreated, However, When the Long-Horned, Wild Texan Advanced -Capture of the Beast by Five Cowboys

Without Weapons Save Their Lassos. "I was riding over the plain west of San Bautista in the Pelos country last Thursday, trying to look up a strayed horse," writes A. G. Gillespie, Texas ranchman, to his brother in this city. "There are always plenty of cattle on the plain, especially in the winter when the stock drifts south before the northers. They were all there to-day, but instead of being scattered over the prairie as usual most of them were bunched to gether near the middle of the plain and all the others in sight were running to join them. The herd was a good two miles away, but I had the curiosity to ride over to see what was happening. I expected to see a fight between two bulls, but when I got to where I could look over the heads of the cattle I saw that a jaguar had come out on the plain and knocked over a yearling beilet. The cows and steers had gathered and formed a half circle about him, and they were bellowing and pawing the ground at a great rate, but they staved at a safe distance from the jaguar, who was tearing the heifer's throat, now and then lifting his head to snarl at the cattle.

"So far it was a game of bluff on both sides. The arrival of a two year-old half-grade Texas bull changed the situation. He passed to the front of the herd and advanced alone toward the jaguar. At this the jaguar left off tearing at the heifer and leaping over her body faced the buil. He was a handsome, flerce looking fellow. with his sleek skin of black and yellow, as he crouched to the ground with his white teeth showing and the tip of his tail curving in and out like a snake. The bull came on, roaring, stopped to

crouched to the ground with his white teeth showing and the tip of his tail curring in and out like a snake. The buil came on, roaring, stopped to paw the ground and shake his head at four or five yards away, then lowered his head as he charged upon the jaguar. Just as the hords seemed about to touch him the laguar rose, curring, from the ground, overleaped head and horns and landed square upon the buil's shoulders in an instant he had shifted position and, clinging to the buil's side and shoulders with his claws, was biting savagely into the back of his neck. The buil beliewed and shook himself, but could not shake the laguar off, and at last ran, circling back to the herd. Just before he got among the other cattle the laguar leaped to the ground and crept back to the heider where he stopped again, facing the herd.

"The young built had got more than enough of fighting, and he took up his position among the non-combatants in the rear of the herd, but a new channolon appeared in the form of a polled angus built, a but one, as black as midnight. He ran straight! or the laguar, with perfect confidence; then, as he lowered his hornless head to but, the laguar following the same tactics as before, rose above it with an easy leap, landed at the buil's shoulders, and in a second more was biting at his neck. The polled angus thrashed around and made a longer struggle than the two-year-old had, but the laguar hung on and the big buil at last ran back to the herd while the laguar dropped off and went back to the heifer as before.

"He scarcely had taken his position behind the carcass when he was called once more to deferm it and this time! I saw that it meant serious business for him. The newcomer was an aid Texas buil of the wild cattle variety, with long borns pointing forward he had arrived late, but was full of fight. As he came on the laguar, who perhaps was tired of flighting, did not attempt to spring upon him, but at the last moment jumped away. The buil followed him up, darting at him mith his horns and showin the cowboys were skinning him

BROCKPORT IS GRATEFUL

It Will Give Mrs. Shannon of This City BROCKPORT, N. Y., Jan. 17.-Three hundred

grateful residents of this village and the surround ing country are subscribing for the purpose of buying a loving cup which they are to present to Martha A. Shannon, wife of former Congressman Richard C. Shaunon of New York. cup is to be inscribed with a sentiment which is intended to show the appreciation of the Brockport residents because of Mrs. Shannon's generosity in twice meeting all the obligations of the wrecked John H. Ringsbury Bank, her gifte for this purpose having been \$120,000.

The John H. Kingsbury Bank has had an unfortunate career. In 1892 Mr. Kingsbury was obliged to make an assignment for the ben-

efit of creditors. John D. Burns of Rochester was named as assignee. When it came time was named as assignee. Anen it came time to wind up the bank's affairs for good it was found that the liabilities exceeded the assets by about \$85,000. This loss fell largely upon a number of poor depositors, who had placed their all in the nands of Mr. Kingsbury.

In this emergency Mrs. Shannon stepped in. She is an aunt of Mr. Kingsbury and had done a great deal for him in the past. One day she came to Brockport and inquired regarding the extent of Mr. Kingsbury's debts to Brockport people, and before anybody had an intimation of what was to be done she drew a check for about \$85,000, which covered the deficiency. Each of the 300 depositors received a check for the full amount of his deposit, and the John H. Kingsbury Bank opened once more, but less than a year ago Mr. Kingsbury, had to make another assignment. This time his liabilities, besides the amount due Mrs. Shannon, were about \$35,000. Again Mrs. Shannon's generosity was tested. Once more she made a visit to Brockport, and paid to the assignee the needed \$35,000.

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Mrs. Shannon's generosity as a public benefactor. A meeting of the depositors of the bank was recently held, and a committee appointed to devise some fitting memorial reported as follows:

"First, we propose a book containing the felto wind up the bank's affairs for good itwas found

"First, we propose a book containing the following resolution, with the signatures of the grateful depositors, to be prepared and bound as handsomely as possible and presented to Mrs.

grateful depositors, to be prepared and bound as handsomely as possible and presented to Mrs. Shannon:

"Whereas, Mrs. Martha A. Shannon, upon the closing of the John H. Kingsbury Bank of Brockport, N. Y... came forward and generously paid the depositors in full, therefore be it

"Resolved, That we hereby express to her our heartiest appreciation of this act, and that we assure her that we will ever hold her in grateful remembrance for this service to us and her services to the village of Brockport.

"Second, we propose that a loving cup, properly inscribed, be presented to Mrs. Shannon."

Mrs. Shannon is reported to be very wealthy. Her first husband was Charles Greenough, a civil engineer, who huilt the street railways in Rio de Janeiro. His death occurred a number of years ago, and he left a large fortune. Mr. and Mrs. Shannon have a summer home in Brockport, and spend a short time here each summer. Mr. Shannon is a lawyer in New York city. He was a Congressman from the Thirteenth District of New York in the Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth Congresses, and declined a renomination.

Using Sawdust-Filled Fish for Fuel.

Game Warden Frank Fenn of the office of the State Game Commissioner sent a men to Boulder yesterday to investigate complaints that three owners of sawmills on the Middle St. Vrain Creek were allowing the dust from their establishments to flow down the stream to the detriment of the

and spend a short time here each summer. Shannon is a lawyer in New York city was a Congressed his money, married an English girl who lived in Denver, and finally got a small ranch of his own, and a small number of cattle, so that the his University to be known as a cowboy. The titlet to the family estates in Surrey, England, was in the name of his grandfather. Sir Richard Moen, and as Cecil's father was still alive and yet a young man the cattle business gave the only promise for a future to the grandfather, passed a way. The Colorado cowboy, being the next in line, the title and estates descended to him, and he is now on his way to take possession of them.

Thali never regret my experience in America, he said yesterday to a reporter. It was rather the solid yesterday to a reporter. It was rather her ship yesterday to a reporter. The was rather to the driving at time, and I saw some trouble at one time or another, but it did me good in away to be a time of the colorado and how, and her people go slowly, but the does not look to be above they years of age. They are not like Americans. There have been more changes in Colorado in the last ten years than England. I imagine, has known in a century. Shall I come back to this country to love? Probably not. I shall have plenty to look after at home. But I have grown very fond of America, especially of Colorado, and hope to see it again frequently. The baronet wears his new honors simply the does not look to be above they years of age. He left his ranch in charge of one of his men, and said he had not decided yet whether he should sell to hold it.

The Surrey estate which has fellen to the Colorado cowboy is said to be amone the best in England. It has been in the family for several handred years. Sir Richard was an old man when he died, and his grandson is the sole heif to the property, which is valued at more than \$1,000,000. Mr. Fenn says that he has warned the saymill owners heretofcre and will presecute if the evidence warrants it.

"However," said Fenn, "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and even this killing of fish by filling the stream with sawdust is a lucky event for some of the people in the vicinity. I am informed. Just to day I received a letter from a prominent citizen in the locality saying he hoped I would take no steps to stop the dumping of sawdust into the creek, as it was helping scores of poor persons there. It seems that the fish swallow so much of the sawdust that when they die they are so filled with wood that they do not sink but are washed ashore. After they are dried the poor of the neighborhood come along with big nampers and baskets and gather up these sawdust-filled fish, which they use for firewood. There is more than sufficient firewood there to keep the poor in fuel during all this cool weather. I am informed that in this mauner many persons who would otherwise mill owners heretofcre and will presecute if the